

Wiltford.

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for Richmond. J. M. 1851.

Malpica's Misc: Letters. vol. iii. p. 452.

TO PARTIES FORMING A LIBRARY.—

JOHN BROWN will publish on the 1st March, Part 2 of his CATALOGUE of New and Secondhand Books in every class of literature and science, in elegant and useful bindings. Any person desiring it, can have it forwarded free, upon sending their address to the Publisher, at 1, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

PICTURES FROM THE COUNTRY.—

By Messrs. CHRISTIE and MANSON, at their great room, King Street, St. James's Square, on FRIDAY, MARCH 14th, and following day, at one precisely, the entire Cabinet of Pictures by Old and English Modern Masters, the property of a Collector, and formed during a series of many years with considerable taste and judgment.

Among them will be found a charming Portrait of Kitty Fischer, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted for the family from whom it was obtained by the present proprietor; and specimens of the following great and esteemed masters.

Titian	Canaletti	Wynants	R. Ruysch.
Correggio	Pannini	Cuyp	Le Due
Guido	Rolenaemer	A. V. de Velde	R. Wilson
Domenichino	V. Dyck	V. der Heyden	Gainsborough
C. Dolce	Brauer	Potter	Sir T. Lawrence
Claude	Ostade	Lengelbach	Bonington
Swaneveldt	Wouermans	Moucheron	Nasmyth
Locatelli	Tenieris	Mieris	Perz
Zuccarelli	Both	Metzu	Storck.

May be viewed two days preceding, and Catalogues had.

Not published

'Bet Flint' one took Kitty Fisher
Kendalson, but he was at home.
this gentleman.

v. Daryl's Memoirs. 1. 66.

See Critical Rev. vol. xii. p. 310.

"apology for the conduct of—
Kitty Fisher"

then Dodd, coachman to the celebrated Courtesan—Kitty
was condemned for a Rape, in consequence of the interference
Robt. who endeavored to prevent his execution, the
law was sent for, & the execution was not effected until
back in the evening. upon Henry's return.

In 1792 she leaves Mrs. Grist, and takes an unfurnished lodging in Leicester-square, near Cranborn-alley, opposite the house of Sir J. Reynolds. On the floor below her lodged the renowned General Martin; who, alas! drew the once-famed "Kitty Fisher" from the paths of virtue, and whom Mrs. Cowley introduces in the Belle's Stratagem. She and the old General exchange newspapers, and grow intimate.

Greville Papers. ii. 193. i. 297

Sir J. Reynolds is gone to America.

17 JY 60

chanted palace at Hampstead, which he had let to Mr. Morris; she also subscribes to a circulating library, and is naturally astonished at the entertainment which she gets for her money; writes critical prefaces to the dramas, and offends George Colman. Dolly grows peevish, and complains that enough is not done for her; upon this the following statistical account, duly drawn up, appears:

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See Grenville Papers. ii. 193. i. 297

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11631. e. 24

Mr Montagu, brother of Lord Sandwich, showing him through the
 Lord Hardwicke (whom he had not known) conducted him into one
 of the apartments where were two female figures painted in their
 naked charms. 'That ladies, I see you must certainly know
 from their likenesses, & his guests express his opinion - 'Why were
 the deities here you lived, & what company have you kept with them
 Fanny Murray, Kitty Fisher? -
 D. Hardwicke's life of Lockhart.

"
 Memoirs of the celebrated Miss Fanny Murray. 12^{mo} 3^s.
 see Monthly Rev: 1758. vol. 11. p. 580.

General Memoirs of the celebrated Miss Maria Browne, as lately
 published by Lady Anne. 2 vol. 1766. v. Monthly Rev. v. 4 & xiv. 206.

General Memoirs of the celebrated Miss Anne Dawson. 1 vol. 12^{mo}.

Letter from Miss Betty Murray to Miss Lucy Lockhart. 1760.

See for Dr Johnson our list of Bet Phillis, and Laurinda who is the wife and
 still younger. "and Hester who walks at home the Park reports a
 book of verse, see D. & M. Memoirs. 1. 66. 17 JY 60

Sir Joshua R. is painting a Thais, perhaps a Miss Emily, a
 celebrated country actress, at the house of Mrs. C. Jewell.

D. & M. Memoirs. ii. 14

21. Capton

K I T T Y ' s
S T R E A M :

OR, THE
N O B L E M E N
T U R N E D
F I S H E R - M E N .

A C o m i c S A T I R E .

A D D R E S S E D T O

The G E N T L E M E N in the *Interest* of the
Celebrated Mifs K---Y F---R.

By R I G D U M F U N I D O S .

O *Tempore* ! O *Mores* !

R. Funnidos

(Rigdum)

psued.

Printed in the Year M.DCC.LIX.
And sold by A. MOORE, near St. Paul's.



KITTY'S STREAM:
OR, THE
NOBLEMEN
TURNED
FISHERMEN, &c.

NOW, while the weaken'd Pride of *Gaul*
Is drawing nearer to its Fall,
And only waits, from *British* Foe,
The last, but great, decisive Blow :

Where shall the Genius of our Lands
Find Chiefs to lead her Martial Bands ?
Where now are all her Men of Might,
So famous, and renown'd in Fight ?
Where are her Patriots, learn'd and great,
That should adorn BRITANNIA's State ?

A 2

Are

KITTY'S STREAM: or,

Are all her Friends, that well shou'd wish her,
Now turn'd the Dupes of ~~Kitty~~^{Fisher}?

Not all--indeed, there are a few,
Who to their Country's Int'rest true,
With Patriotic PITT combined,
Their former Glories seek to find.

BUT these apart, my Muse expose
Th' opprobrious Character of Those,
Who shun *Bellona's* dire Alarms,
To revel in an Harlot's Arms.
Or from the *British* Senate fly,
T' indulge a foolish Letchery;
And give for One Night's Lodging more
Than would maintain an Hundred Poor.

BUT stop, my Muse-----Why, this may be
A Mark of their Humility,
To try how low they now can stoop;
Pray, Muse, be not so cock-a-hoop:

Humility

Humility, you know's a Thing
That does not ill become a King ;
And sure a P^{rince}****, exempt from Satire,
May have the self-same humble Nature :
If so, pray, What has he to fear
Whose Title is no more than P^{eer} ?

'Tis granted, May not then his G^{race},
And eke my L^{ord}, with simp'ring Face,
Pursue whate'er his humble Bent is,
Till dwindled to a meer Apprentice ;
And bind himself to Mistress, lewd,
Quite happy in his Servitude ?

'Tis pleasant in a Christian Nation,
To see Men humble in their Station :
No Pride, no lofty Mark of Power,
But each One striving to be Lower ;
And He, that can the Lowest be,
Is Highest in Humility.
And can there Instance be in Nature
Of pure Humility, a Greater

Than

Than this—To see a Noble P——r,
 Stooping so much beneath his Sphere;
 Forgetting Pedigree and Birth,
 To grasp a Piece of Common Earth?
 Their glorious Ancestors, I wot,
 That bravely fought, are now forgot:
 And even Title, Pension, Place,
 Will soon be look'd on with Disgrace.
 Soon ev'ry Badge of Dignity,
 Wide scatter'd here and there, you'll see:
 They'll give away their Stars and Garters
 To Porters, Chairmen, Boys, and Carters.

*Whistle*ld rejoice,—thy Kingdom's come;
 Old Men and Women sigh and humm:
 Distinction now is thrown aside,
 And ev'ry outward Mark of Pride:
 Thy humble Scheme they'll all embrace,
 And even Placemen hate a Place:
 The important Æra come to pass is,
 When great and wise Men shew their Ar--s;

And

Noblemen turn'd *Fisher* - Men, &c.

7

And like thy Tabernacle Tribe,
Are petrified against a Bribe.

BUT Who, great Mangler of Oration,
D'ye think, shall be the Instigation;
Who bring about this pious Work,
Done, as 'twere only with a Jerk?

A Whore shall be the Instrument,
And make 'em ev'ry One repent:
A Whore! methinks I hear you cry,
And roll about your Gimblet-Eye:
Does Heaven such Grace to Whore's afford!
Pour down thy Blessings on her Lord.

THIS, Doctor, I can make appear
For less than what you get a Year:
She can, in short, she can do more,
Than ever Harlot did before.

To Her, as to a Power supreme,
The Nobles dedicate their Theme;

And

And from their lawful Ladies steal,
Their ev'ry Foible to reveal;
Regardless of the sacred Tye,
They quench their fulsome Lechery;
An Hundred buys her for a Night,
And who shall say she is not right?
For if his Lordship's such a Fool,
To pay so much to be her Tool;
What Woman would not take the Purse,
And think her Virtue ne'er the Worse?
An Hundred Pounds has many Charms;
And even Modesty disarms;
Nay, many a Pious Virtuous Dame
Would never sure withstand the Flame,
If once within her eager Hold
She felt the Weight of so much Gold:
Let *Kitty's* Fate be her's, and she
No more will talk of Infamy;
But would commence a Whore outright,
To get an Hundred Pounds a Night.

THINK

THINK then, ye Fair, so neat and pretty,
Whether you would not all be *Kitty*?
What would you give to have a Tribe
Of *Dukes* and *Lords*, from each a Bribe;
To see'em bow and cringe before ye;
Sigh, fawn, and flatter, and adore ye:
As now this envied *Kitty* reigns,
While powder'd *Courtesans* wear her Chains.

FIRST on the List, advanc'd in Years,
My *Lord* of ***** appears;
And from his ancient Confort drives,
To where this pamper'd Strumpet thrives.
Beneath a Mass of Age and Care,
He now assumes a youthful Air:
Humms slightly o'er an Op'ra Chant,
And fain would be the young Gallant.
Kitty, he cries, egad I long
To hear the Musick of your Tongue;
To clasp you in my eager Arms,
And ravage all your blooming Charms.

B

Good

KITTY'S STREAM: or,

Good Lack! What sparkling Eyes are there;
Not *Venus*' Self was half so fair.

Come *Kitty*, will you grant a Favour?
(How fly she looks--I'cod, I'll have her)
What say you, *Kitty*? She replies;
My Noble L——d, you know my Price;
A Hundred, Nothing less, my L----d;
A trifling Sum, upon my Word!
A Hundred; you shall ha't my dear;
Here, pretty *Kitty*, take it here.

A Naval Wight succeeds in Order;
In Truth, full resolute to board her;
Has left, at Home, his lawful Dear,
And now to *Kitty* deigns to steer;
And tho' a Great and Noble L----d,
Determines strait to go aboard.
So, Sailor-like, away he blunder'd,
And shew'd a Note, 'twas just an Hundred:
My L----d, I cannot take it now:
How! cries the Wight, how *Kitty*, how!

The

Noblemen turn'd Fisher - Men, &c. 11

The Fair replies, as 'twere inrag'd,
For ev'ry Night I am engag'd ;
So, prithee, keep your fulsome Pence,
Except you'll stay a Fortnight hence,
A Fortnight ! *Kitty*, is an Age ;
But do not then yourself engage.

THE Fortnight passed---the Night came on,
But *Kitty* found herself alone ;
The Clock struck Twelve, my L——d ne'er came,
This rous'd up all the Strumpet's Flame.
Mean while my L——d, deep sunk in Play,
Had dwindled half the Night away ;
A Run of Luck had charm'd the Wight,
And drunk, was gone to Bed that Night.

THE enrag'd Virago takes her Chair,
And sweeps to ~~A-*pr*~~*the*r's with an Air :
She there enquires for her Gallant ;
L——d *****, says the Brim, I want :
See him I must——He's gone to Bed :
I'll see him then, if he was dead.

His L——p ope's his drowsy Eyes;
 Lord! *Kitty*, is't you, he cries.
 Yes, answers she, I'm come to know
 For why I'm Disappointed so.
 I beg your Pardon, says the Sot;
 But on my Honour, I forgot.
 Forgot! she cries; O, did you so?
 I'll have my Hundred e're I go.
 Why so you shall, replies the Cully;
 Here, take this Note, you little Bully;
 To-morrow then, I'll come outright;
 Do so, my L——d, Good Night, Good Night.

REFRESH'D with Sleep till Afternoon,
 His L——p wak'd, and thought it soon;
 And as the Evening Dusk came on,
 Was Meditating to be gone.
 A Chair was called, away he hies,
 And *Kitty* meets him with surprize.
 Why, bless me! how come's this, my L——d;
 That you've so duly kept your Wove?

I thought

Noblemen turn'd Fisher - Men, &c.

13

I thought when Drunk, and scarce awake,
You'd surely then your Promise break ;
Besides, I'am now engag'd in Play ;
I prithee fix some other Day.
No, *Kitty* ; now's the Time quoth he ;
Another Hundred then, says she ;
I shall not balk my Friends to Night,
Unless I gain a Hundred by't.
Here, take the other Hundred then,
And make me Happiest of Men.

THUS ev'ry Day new Game she springs,
And ev'ry Night a Lover brings.
One Night, behold, a * * * * * Heir
In wanton Dalliance clasp the Fair !
The next, some Goatish P^{er} inclines
To quench his lecherous Designs :
A Fribbling L^{ord} the next, worn out,
Will have her, Spite of Age and Gout.

WHAT means this Strange Infatuation,
That rages at th' Head o'th' Nation ?

Is

24 KITTY'S STREAM: or,

Is She *alone* the finest Whore
Among, at least, an Hundred Score?
Are there not fairer on the Town,
That walk the Streets, and take a Crown?
Or, is she better born than they,
That thus she holds superior Sway?
Look to her Breeding, and you'll see,
Of Common Whores, as good as she.
Is She of Great or Noble Blood?
Support her--then your Cause were Good.
But all that we can know of her
Is this--She was a Milliner.
Her Parentage so low and mean,
Is hardly to be trac'd, I ween.
Say, has she Wit--or has she Sense?
No--Nothing, but Impertinence.
Impertinence in Her can charm,
When real Worth wou'd scarce alarm.
In Truth, 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange,
That she should bring about this Change;
And totally invert your Senses,
With nought but specious Pretences.

Pray,

Noblemen turn'd Fisher - Men, &c. 15

Pray, where will all this Folly end?
'Tis now high Time, I think to mend:
And, if we give the Devil his Due,
The Fault is not in Her--but You.

F I N I S.



17

I say, where will all this folly end?
It is now high time, I think to mend.

17 JY 60

The Fable is not in itself - but

F I M I



